

VOICE OF THE PULPIT

27 to 33 Capitol Avenue, North.

said it would take two days, others said three, some said you could go on horse back, others that you had to climb nearly all the way. None of them had ever tr-

Our way wound, at first, up through fields of maguey and corn, past the small hamlet of Saragossa, then entered a magnificent forest of tall pines quite clear of underbrush.

her duty in a manner worthy of the most experienced "garçon" at Delmonico's. The proprietor was a Spaniard, a Gallego. His sideboard was rich, decorated with

good glass of aquilla, or fire water, and their eyes opened at once. I warned them to be careful of the horses, and to get two chickens in the good old aboriginal fashion. Before 3 o'clock the horses were saddled, and we were on our way to La Cruz, an hour and a half distant, the extreme limit of horse transportation. The moonlight made the road very dark, and I saw that it was nothing but a narrow trail down the side of a small gorge, and up again beyond. Then the poor animals struggled over very inclines of lava dust, in which they sank to their knees, and they were obliged to stop frequently that we had to let them rest every few minutes. At last we reached a straggling collection of rooms where our guides said was the end of our journey.

(Continued on Eighteenth Page)

even when it is read only in the book of nature, goes beyond the grave.

Century by century, millennium by millennium, the world has grown out of nothing, and it will be by the same process that it will return to its spiritual nature and its climax in the spiritual nature of man. What is it all for? If man dies as the beasts die it is all for nothing.

"From the first dawning of life," wrote Mr. Darwin, "the most earnest teacher of this country of the doctrine of evolution," "from the first dawning of life we see things working toward one mighty goal, the evolution of the most exalted spiritual qualities which characterize humanity." "The end of the process is the development of something. Is it all ephemeral. Is it like the task of a child who builds houses out of blocks for the pleasure of knocking them